

The OTEEN

OFFICIAL WEEKLY OF U. S. ARMY GENERAL HOSPITAL No. 19
PUBLISHED AT OTEEN, NORTH CAROLINA

VOL. I

SATURDAY, DEC. 28

No. 8



"GASSED"

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Accounts, and we will Welcome
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Vol. I.

Saturday, December 28, 1918

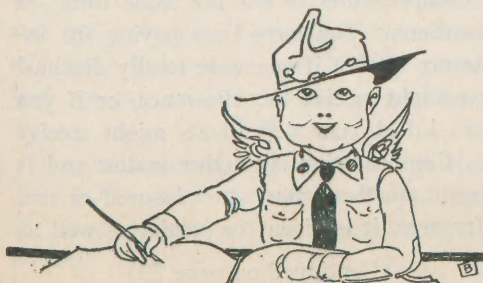
No. 8

The Oteen wishes its readers a Happy New Year—in every sense of the word. The old year is passing out and with it goes—let us hope, for all time—the recent years of strife, of struggle, of ill feeling toward our fellow men. The Hun is beaten and we are victorious. Why not be amenable to the conquered foe? Germany, because of her expanding economic condition, needed more territory and took it upon herself to steal it. The error of her ways have been forcibly impressed upon her. The people of Germany were of the firm opinion that they were fighting a protective war rather than an objective war. It had to come, but now that it is over and the autocracy overthrown, we can well afford to be happy. With the period of reconstruction now setting in, there is much to be done. Consequently let us forget our petty differences. There is a bigger, a vaster, a finer object in view now—that of rehabilitation and reconstruction. Not the least among these being the “reconstruction” of the patients. It depends, to a certain extent, on the mental attitude of the patient, just how soon he will recover and be discharged. Discontent never helped anyone regain his health. However this is all relative to the new year greetings. And if we can all adjust ourselves mentally to the situation, we can combine and look forward to a mighty happy and prosperous New Year.

What are you doing to fit yourselves for the struggle that is coming after the war? Most of us fret as to when we are getting out, with no thought of what is coming immediately after. Study and prepare for it!

Whatever your trade may have been, you have become rusty—you can not help but being. Make use of your leisure hours—they are your precious and rightful property. Do not waste the lessons you have learned from your life experiences in the army. Look about you now with a more keen eye. Note the lessons of discipline, energy, courage, helpfulness and co-operation that have become a part of you, and profit thereby.

Perhaps you have lacked educational advantages—there is no better time or place to begin than now and on this Post. Start in by reading good books, of which there are a profusion. The Reconstruction will give a man endless aid. The books at the A. L. A., the Red Cross, the K. of C., the Y. M. C. A.—are all for you. Don't miss your present opportunities—because there is a bigger day coming—and are you going to be found lacking?



The original cover design this week is at the hand of R. G. Morgan, the New York illustrator, and a good friend of The Oteen. “Gassed” is a subject which holds the center of the stage at Oteen—and the boys that were caught in the fumes are being given every degree of help and consideration—to bring them back to “what they were”—and always will be—soldiers of future freedom.

The accident of your being sent to France didn't automatically make you a hero—nor give you the right to laud over the man who stayed here and did his duty. There are many foreign service men “pikerish” enough to rub it into the lad that stayed, not through his own desire, and who are tempted to advertise themselves rather more than true heroes would. The toting of a gun never made a warrior. War isn't any longer conducted by men who are turned from civilians into warriors by giving them a sword or spear and sending them out to live on the country in which their fighting is done. Our armies at the front would have fared ill, indeed, if there had not been behind a still greater army to provide for their innumerable wants.

A man to patiently hold back here, with the glamour and racket of all that has gone on there, doing his duty as a soldier—to withstand the horrible monotony with a smile—he can drop out any time with the feeling that he has done the full duty of a real man. Credit to those that have been over and done—our ire is aroused to the limit when a self-made hero rides on the feeling of some conscientious cuss, who, by a chain of circumstance, not of his making, has been held back. A man that has seen real service isn't “beefing” over much about it these days. In the final summing up, whether their stripe of service be a gold or a silver one, none will be found lacking.



We need more good live material from the Patients for their pages. Some complaints have come that we are not publishing their contributions. So long as the “stuff” is not offensive, and a credit to the page we invariably make it a rule to use it. So, buck up, Patients, shoot your articles into us, and make your department the best in the Oteen.

★ ★

Are there some good men in the Detachment having arrived in the last month that will take it upon themselves to gather material for a “Barracks Bunk” page? It is about time the Detachment have an official corner in this magazine.

OFFICIAL

BULLETIN OF ORDERS

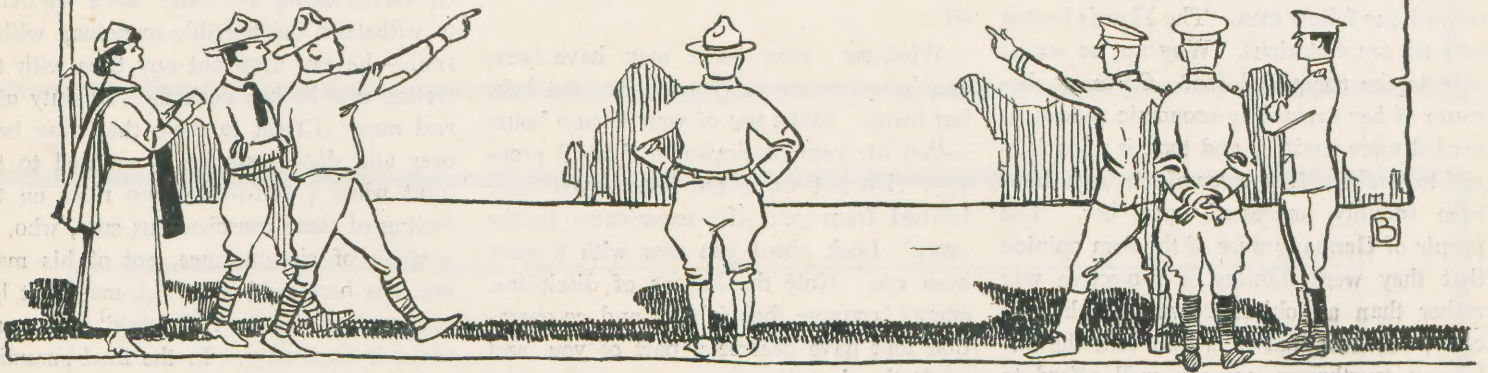
All enlisted men, having returned from overseas, will wear the regulation overseas cap until discharged, and will retain them for their headgear after discharge.

All officers on duty at the Hospital will familiarize themselves with the Manual of the Medical Department, and with the rules, regulations, orders and circulars governing not only their own departments, but the general administration of the Hospital. They will note such orders as may be issued for their information, guidance, or control, and carry them out in so far as they may concern the department or wards of which they have charge.

Officers will observe the usual military courtesies when making or receiving reports, when at formal conferences, when meeting outside the buildings, and when greeting a superior officer in the morning.

In the absence of Ward Surgeons, the Officer of the Day will attend to cases of emergency, unless another officer has been temporarily detailed to this duty by the Commanding Officer.

Not later than 1:00 p.m. of the day preceding the discharge of a patient from the Hospital, all the sheets of the clinical record will be arranged in their proper order, fastened together at the top, all entries completed, and the record signed by the Ward Surgeon. The record so completed and signed will be sent to the Registrar's Office.



HEY THERE, BUDDY.

Can You Get and Keep a Good Job When You Are Discharged?

Yes, you can, according to the plan described below.

If You Are to be Discharged from the Hospital, Why Are You Discharged?

Because you can not be used in the Army or Navy.

Does it Follow That You Are of No Use in Civil Life?

No! You may be of great use in civil life. Every man, who is a man, wants to earn his own living, to do his bit, in industry as well as in war. Some discharged men are so badly disabled that they can not go back to their old jobs. Suppose you are one of these?

What Can You Do to Earn a Decent Living.

You can be trained for a new job. Or maybe you have been sick or been hurt in such a way that you can do the same work

or nearly the same work as before, but still you need some help in finding and keeping a new job. You, too, can be helped.

Can a Disabled Man Learn a New Trade?

Yes, he can, if he will take training. Hundreds of thousands of wounded and otherwise disabled men have been trained for new occupations in Europe and Canada. What Europe has done, America can do. Our Congress decided that disabled American soldiers and sailors shall have a chance to be retrained for civil life and voted \$2,000,000 for this purpose. This money, and more if necessary, is to be spent in retraining disabled soldiers and sailors for civil life. It is to pay for travel, for tuition, for board, for lodging, and for other necessary expenses of those who take the courses provided.

This training is provided for those who have been awarded compensation.

What Is Compensation?

Congress has done more than provide for retraining. It has also provided that dis-

abled soldiers and sailors who have been honorably discharged can get compensation. This compensation may be total or may be partial, according to the extent of a man's disability. This is measured by the disabled man's present earning power compared with his previous earning power.

This means that if on account of your disablement you can not earn now what you did before, it is possible that you may receive an allowance until you recover. It may be that you can get an allowance even if you were disabled before you entered the service, provided you were held to be in sound condition when you entered.

Compensation is not the same thing as insurance. You have been paying for insurance so that if you were totally disabled you might receive the allowance, or if you were killed your dependents might receive it. Compensation is another matter and is given whether you are insured or not. Moreover, it is given for partial as well as

(Continued on page 22)

CAPS & CAPE

Conducted by the Nurses

HAPPY NEW YEAR.

Here's to the year that's just ahead
And all its hopes and fears!
Perhaps 'twill bring us joy and peace
Perhaps 'twill bring us tears,
Yet this we know and know full well
Nor need we doubt its truth
Ere we have passed the first day through
We must accept for earth
(Yet not bow down beneath its load)
Each day as God has planned.
And do our work as best we may
Rich in his great command.

—F. Px.

The activities of Christmas week were many and varied. They began on Sunday morning when a group of the nurses attended morning services in the Red Cross House and had a part in the special music.

Monday evening's party given in the Nurses' Home was as complete success as that of the opening night, the same committee being in charge. The program included a reading by Miss Barwick and a vocal solo by Miss Ina Harrison. A tree furnished fun for the occasion with an assortment of appropriate gifts (?)

Tuesday a Christmas tree for patients at the big Red Cross House was the attraction. Most of us had one more shopping expedition in town on Tuesday, P. M.

Wednesday being Christmas day, our celebrating began early with the singing of carols in the wards. Our Christmas dinner must not be forgotten as deserving special mention and helping to make the day a social and happy one. An invitation to the opening of the new Y. M. C. A. building was accepted. Gifts from home helped, too, and smiles and hilarity proved that we had a Merry Christmas at Oteen.

We are promised a dinner dance on New Year's Eve in the patients' mess hall and the announcement of the same was lustily cheered.

We welcome to the Post 17 Reconstruction Aides. Miss Barringer, of Columbia university, is head aide and associated with her is a splendid company of workers. These aides are sharing our mess-hall and for the present are quartered in I-8. We want them to feel at home with us and to know that we appreciate what their work will mean to the future of this Post.

Miss Middleton and Miss Murray are on furlough, spending Christmas at home. We would like to be numbered with this minority.

There was a grand rush for rooms in the new barracks the other day. Barring a few luxuries, such as bureaus, electric light, a maid for cleaning same, the barracks are complete. Compensations—the lockers have doors and there is a table in each room.

Here is a "trade last" for a California aide. A head nurse recently said: "We love to have her on our ward; she makes a cheerful atmosphere and no trouble. Nothing is upset and the ward is in as good order as before."

The members of the Army Nurse Corps wish to thank the officers for the very pleasant evening which they extended to us on Tuesday, the 17th instant. But we would like to know what brand of perfume the officers used. It has been rumored that Lieutenant Seiff could furnish the desired information. To him, therefore, we shall be very grateful.

—A NURSE.

A New Year Resolution for ourselves is that kindness shall characterize our relations with each other. It will not interfere with efficiency. A New Year's wish—that 1919 may find us ready to serve others in the Name of the Great Leader.

"Oh Lord and Master of us all,
Whate'er our name or sign,
We own Thy sway, we hear thy call
We test our lives by Thine."

Thanks are due our friend, Mrs. Morris for her thoughtfulness for our comfort and pleasure. The tea set given by the Red Cross—that source of many blessings—will be greatly enjoyed. We thank Mrs. Morris for selecting such a pretty one and surprising us with it.

Bryan said, on a recent occasion, that we were the "finest body of women in the land." Why not live up to the compliment? Throughout the country no women are more honored or envied or needed today than the Nurses.

Hurrah for fun and jolity!

I'm on a glorious lark.

I am spending several hours alone

In Asheville or Grove Park.

Or maybe I am at the dance

And do not know a soul

A K. P. merely smiles at me

Around the flowing bowl.

Hurrah for fun and jolity,

What's all this noise about?

Why not be gay on Christmas Day?

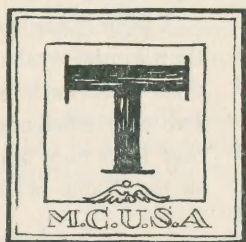
Just be a brave old scout!

The Oteen group of editors for this page will meet regularly and work hard, but you must help or be prepared to give up the page. We print this week what comes to us. If mostly serious, let the serious enjoy it. Nonsense is also in order and a variety is best of all. Critics get busy!



"NURSES IN STOCK"

EDITORIAL



THOUGH it is but a few days since President Wilson announced that the armistice had been signed, we are already beginning to look back upon the war. America's participation was brief when the magnitude of the conflict and the issues at stake are considered. That the whole-hearted and intensive effort of this nation did much to bring about the abrupt termination of the struggle is beyond question. All the resources of the nation were devoted to the single purpose of winning the war.

There are several points of similarity that I wish to bring to the attention of the patients of this hospital in their personal welfare against the physical difficulties that brought them here. Looking back in after years the few months spent at Oteen will seem but a brief episode in life. That the fight should be a successful one in the vast majority of cases is a fact absolutely proven by years of abundant experience. That it may be lost by evading the necessary effort is all too well known. A cure cannot be handed to you as a sugar-coated pill, nor can it be secured without a reasonable contribution of time and effort on your part. Everything that money can buy has been supplied by a generous government. It rests with you as individuals to do your part to make this another winning struggle.

Aside from the impelling wish that every man has for life, health and happiness, the responsibility which you bear to your family, friends and the community demand that you make a whole-hearted effort to regain your health and efficiency. If you make it now and with spirit, it can be made a comparatively brief effort with every prospect of a successful issue, but if you put it off and give the enemy his own time to entrench you may never dislodge your foe.

Your wives and families would be the last to call you home if they realized the sacrifice to your future health that may ensue. To send you back into the strain and stress of life before your health is reasonably secure, is like throwing in untrained civilians to hold the first line trenches. To guard against this immediate return to conditions unfavorable to recovery, the government has built and equipped and is maintaining these large perfect hospitals of which No. 19 is one of the finest.

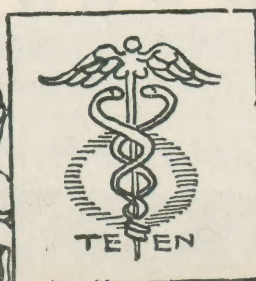
You are being fitted for a commission to command again your allotted place in life. Not as an invalid, but as a well man, and in addition the opportunity is at hand for education and training to improve the condition of yourself and those dependent upon you. At the first moment that it is clear that you are qualified, rest assured that your commission will be handed to you. One of the fundamental requirements of the government is that you are to be returned to usefulness at the earliest possible moment.

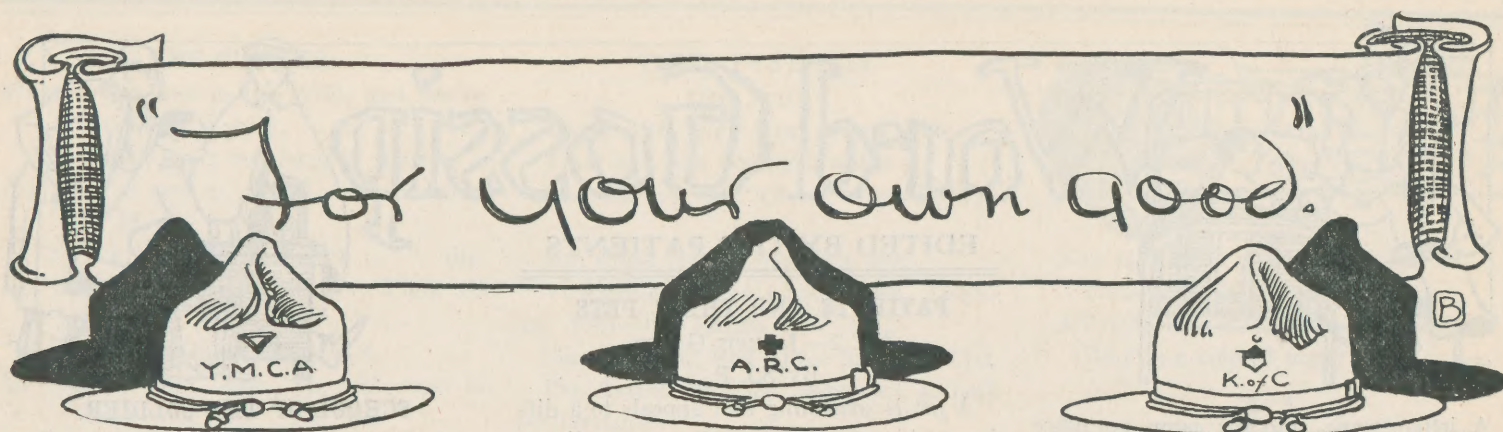
The sad mistake that many of you make is in forming your own opinion of your physical condition and its needs. You would clearly realize the fallacy of turning over the Artillery to the Signal Corps and yet you trust your own small experience against all the skill and judgment at the command of The Surgeon-General.

Don't let it be said that your morale was not equal to this encounter which is so important to you and yours. You cannot afford to shirk the fight, or to give up with the battle half won. Don't be a quitter. Keep step, hold up your head, and carry on.

MAJOR P. A. LOOMIS, M. C., U. S. A.

Chief of Medical Service.





The "signs" did not fail, and our Christmas opening realized more than the glowing predictions we ventured to make last week; and, with even greater confidence than we had before, we predict again that no one who witnessed it will forget that notable event. Too much can not be said in praise of Mrs. N. Buckner and her loyal Baracas and Philatheas for what they have done for us. It was simply magnificent. They provided a thousand half-pound boxes of Christmas candies, and an abundance of ice cream and cake for the crowd that packed the new building to its capacity. Besides what they did for us at the building they gave a thousand pots of beautiful flowering narcissus to the patients in the wards. It is no wonder that we were thrilled by the announcement that these energetic workers have decided to "adopt" our "Y."

▽ ▽

The building was not quite completed on that night, but even so, it won the enthusiastic praise of our visitors. Again we take occasion to thank Krebs & Company for the strenuous effort they have made to get everything in shape for our big Christmas. And along with Krebs & Company we include Sluder Bros., the plumbers, and Mr. Stevens, the steam-fitter, for their equally assiduous work.

▽ ▽

Prof. C. T. Carr, late principal of one of the Asheville schools, is the latest accession to our "Y" secretarial staff. He succeeds Dr. Robertson, the genial favorite of us all who departed for his home in Wisconsin. Prof. Orr possesses a fine equipment for our type of work, and he is an experienced educator. He is also a musician, both instrumental and vocal, and he is certain to secure a place of warm appreciation in the hearts of all classes at our big hospital.

Thursday evening, December 20th, a vaudeville show was given in the Red Cross House by patients and two young ladies from Asheville. Colonel Hoagland gave a short talk before the show, explaining the new rulings on S. C. D. The show is reviewed on another page. It is sufficient here to say that it was such a success that the boys were asked to repeat it at the Red Circle the following Saturday evening.

In the course of his remarks, Colonel Hoagland explained the aim of the Government in this hospital, which is to give the men an opportunity to recover broken health completely, in the most pleasant surroundings, before sending them back to civil life. The new rule that no S. C. D. will be given until the patient is as fully recovered as he can be, is simply in line with this purpose. The Colonel emphasized his desire to be a friend to every man here, and the men present showed their cordial appreciation by their enthusiastic applause.

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Some of the men have expressed themselves as enjoying the quiet evenings in the Red Cross House more than any other feature. The log fires and books, and the new furnishings, with the pianola and victrola, make the house very cozy and club like, and every one seems happy.

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On Friday night and Saturday, the Red Cross House had as visitors sixty-five detachment men, just arriving from Camp Lee, Virginia. Being skilled mechanics and appreciative guests, they put in shape for us a number of sagging doors and windows.

Miss Nancy Clement, Assistant Matron, is now in residence with us.

WATCH PARTY—NEW YEAR'S EVE. 1918-1919.

On Tuesday evening, December 31, a Watch Party is to take place at the Hut to ring out the old year, and ring in the New Year. The usual pleasant gathering of Asheville young ladies will attend, and dancing will be the important issue of the party. With the permission of the Commanding Officer the party will continue until after midnight. A special program has been arranged and a pleasant evening is assured. Come and have a good time.

★ ★

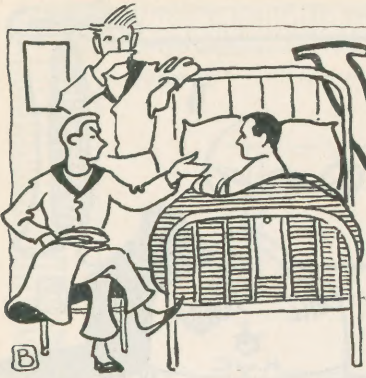
It was pleasing to note the gratefulness of the boys as they each received an unexpected stocking at the Christmas Tree Party held at the Hut on Christmas Eve, which were left in care of the K. of C. Secretaries by Santa Claus. Each stocking contained fruits, candies, nuts, cigarettes, and other useful articles. The party was an enjoyable one and the boys will long remember the Christmas Eve of 1918 spent with the K. of C. at Oteen, N. C. High Mass was sung at Midnight to glorify the Nativity at Bethlehem some nineteen hundred years ago.

★ ★

NEW YEAR'S RESOLUTIONS OF THE K. OF C. SECRETARIES.

- To always give the boys a lift in our car.
- To always provide a weekly entertainment.
- To always bring joy and cheer to the boys unable to come to the building.
- To always keep an abundant supply of stationery, stamps, etc., on hand.
- To encourage athletics.
- To always spread content, and to point out the many benefits of Oteen.
- To always be ever ready to lend a helping hand to the boys.
- To always back the spirit of Oteen.
- To always smile.





Ward Gossip

EDITED BY THE PATIENTS

PATIENTS AND THEIR PETS

No. 2—JOSEPH GATER

By S.L.P.

A letter came into the camp postoffice last week addressed in this unique fashion: "Dear Uncle Sam:—

"I am as light as a rag. So please give me a ride in your mailbag. Oteen, N. C., is the end of the route. U. S. General Hospital No. 19 is where I want to get out.

"Private Joe Funk is waiting for me there. My fare is in the corner, so handle me with care."

★ ★

RECONSTRUCTION AIDS AND THEIR WORK, AS VIEWED BY A PATIENT

One morning about a week ago, I noticed a young lady attired in blue and white enter the ward. As she passed me I noticed that under her arms she carried toys, a bunch of tough looking hay of several colors, and a few more things. Curious, I followed her inside, where she stopped by one of the beds and addressed the chaps who gathered around. She introduced herself and stated the purpose of her work; namely, to give to boys something to do in their leisure hours, when reading had become a bore, cards held no attraction, something interested, and withal, of some value. She showed us the toys, raffia work, bead work, etc., and then she asked each boy what he would like to learn. With my crass male superiority over things feminine, I said "Nothing" and walked away, thinking "That kind of stuff is all right for children, girls, and old men, but not for me."

Some of the boys were more sensible and broader minded—when I walked into the sun parlor and saw the boys working industriously at various things and apparently enjoying themselves, I began to wonder if I had not been wrong in my ideas regarding the value of the Reconstruction Aids, and after a week, I know it. As I watch a man busily engaged and see how his efforts are beginning to result in something useful, the idea seems worth while.

SGT. SARDIS L. PATTERSON,

Ward I-5.

A pet is something that appeals to a different side of our nature than our ordinary prosaic one. With some people, the pet is an animal, a dog or a cat, with others it may be a hobby.

Gater has a hobby—he believes that it has been foreordained that he should be a sheep raiser in "the woolly west" when his term is up, and never again will he be the instrument that pounds keys eight hours a day. (No, not a piano — a typewriter). Sheep literature litters his table, and sheep fill his thoughts. The other day we had a demonstration of his expert knowledge, as follows:

The mess hall sent down some chops for certain patients on diet. Gater and I were fortunate in securing a chop — I enjoyed mine. A short time later I met Gater and asked, "Well, how did you like the lamb chop?"

"Lamb chop?" he replied. "Say, old cocky, that wasn't lamb. It was good and just as nutritious as lamb, but, again I say, but—it was mutton."

★ ★

Jollon is rather shy of hair on his head. A few days ago he went to the barber shop for a haircut. When the barber was nearly finished, he asked Jollon:

"Don't you want to buy a bottle of Hair Grower? It will make your hair grow in a very short time, but let me give you a little tip. If you buy a bottle and use it on your head, be sure and drink the last quarter or the new hair will fall right out."

"What in the world do I want to drink it for?"

"To clinch the roots, of course."

★ ★

"WHY SHOULD WE WORRY?"

The Austrian soldier is paid 87 cents a month, the French soldier gets \$1.45 a month, while the Germans in the trenches were paid \$3.78 and the Italian \$2.67 per month. The English soldier gets \$7.50, while the Australian gets \$43.80, the highest of all. The Russian gets 39 cents a month, while the American gets \$30 a month at home and \$33 in foreign duty.



SCHOOL OF THE SOLDIER.

Handling the Raw Ones.—For preliminary instruction a squad of raw recruits is formed. If you don't like 'em too raw, you will find that four minutes' roasting will make 'em all hard-boiled.

A squad consists of eight thin soldiers or four fat ones. The men should be aligned according to complexion, as a front rank of blondes is much neater than a rank of brunettes. Red-headed soldiers should always be hidden in the rear.

Don't align your men according to height. Mix stubby recruits up with tall ones. This gives the bizarre broken-toothed comb effect so popular in our army circles.

Instructions Minus Arms.—The raw recruits should be drilled with broomsticks until they become accustomed to the blisters caused by the weight of their army hats bearing down on their new army shoes. Many a good bird dog has been spoiled by shooting the rifle too suddenly near his false teeth.

ARTHUR BAER.

★ ★

The signs we see on the corridor doors

Are really indiscreet,

Instead of their reading "Please clean your shoes,"

They read, "Please clean your feet."

★ ★

To make the best of dull hours, to make the best of dull people, to like a poor jest better than none, to wear a threadbare coat like a gentleman, to be outvoted with a smile, to hitch your wagon to the old horse if no star is handy—that is wholesome philosophy.

BLISS PERRY.

★ ★

Sergt.—Halt! You can't go in there!

Pvt. Dooley—Why not, sir?

Sergt.—Because it's the colonel's room, you lobster.

Pvt. Dooley—Then what are they doing with "Private" over the door?

★ ★

WANTED—A good talker to entertain our Nurse, Edith. Apply at W-4.—A PATIENT.

THE QUITTER.

When you're lost in the Wild, and you're
scared as a child,

And Death looks you bang in the eye,
And You're sore as a boil, it's according
to Hoyle

To 'cock your revolver and . . . die.
But the code of a Man says: "Fight all
you can,"

And self-dissolution is barred.
In hunger and woe, oh, it's easy to
blow . . .

It's the hell-served-for-breakfast that's
hard.

"You're sick of the game!" Well, now
that's a shame.

You're young and you're brave and
you're bright.

"You've had a raw deal!" I know, but
don't squeal,

Buck up, do your damndest, and fight.
It's the plugging away that will win you
the day,

So don't be a piker, old pard!
Just draw on your grit; it's so easy to quit;
It's the keeping-your-chin-up that's hard.

It's easy to cry that you're beaten—and die;
It's easy to crawfish and crawl;
But to fight and to fight when hope's out
of sight!

Why that's the best game of them all!
And though you come out of each gruelling
bout,

All broken and beaten and scarred,
Just have one more try—it's dead easy to
die,

It's the keeping-on-living that's hard.

ROBERT W. SERVICE.

★ ★

Two of the boys were discussing Shakes-
peare. Neither of them were well versed
with the works of the Bard of Avon, but
when one of them recited "The Boy on the
Burning Deck" and said it was Shakes-
peare's best, the other chap took exception
and said, "I'm from Ohio, and Shakespeare
did not write that piece."

"I'm from Tennessee and he did, and,
what's more, I can convince you."

"Go ahead and convince me."

The big Tennessean grabbed the other
fellow and, after a brief tussel, he threw
him on the floor and banged his head a
couple of times on the hard wood.

"Who wrote that piece?"

"Shakespeare, Shakespeare. I seen him
write it."

TALES THAT TELL

(BY TED)

Happy 1919 New Year to you all.
This is a new column—watch it!
The one best bet, "Oteen"—Buy it, read
it.

Sun shone for two days last week.
Vaudeville at Red Cross house, Thurs-
day 19th—big success.

Show given at Red Circle Saturday 21st.
Pvt. Daniel Murphy scores hit at both
performances.

Lt. Steinbuck, the Beau Brummel of
Oteen.

Asheville still wet? Looked that way
Saturday night.

Oteen to have the best band in the south.
Also the best jazz players—more power
to the blowers.

Lt. C. W. Clark in full charge of musi-
cal end of Oteen.

He himself is a first-class violinist.
Through his efforts the patients of sev-
eral wards were treated to song recitals by
Miss Atkinson, of Asheville.

Miss Atkinson has a very sweet and
pleasing way of putting over her selections.
Capt. S. Simon, a very popular man
amongst his men of E 5, 6 & 7.

Colonel Hoagland opened the show last
Thursday at the Red Cross with a short
address, serious, yet interspersed with good
humor.

Capt. Cattermole now in charge of C-2
makes the new men feel upon their arrival
that they are amongst friends.

K. of C. dances gaining popularity.
Some of us were paid last week; I said
SOME of us.

Soldier laid down ninety-nine cents for
a ticket to the Strand theatre. What was
he thinking of?

Silver stripes now the vogue—what next?
Doctor, do I go up on the hill soon?
Doctor, may I have a furlough?
Doctor, when do I get out of here?

Three misused sentences — let's change
them for a smile and good holiday cheer,
YOU MUST COME ACROSS?

Address all communications (no *Atten-
Shun* paid to unsigned material) to Ted
Sistare, E-7. I thank you.

★ ★

Lieut. (to a newly transferred group)—
How many of you have been out to the rifle
range? (Some raised their hands.)

Lieut.—Did you have any accidents?
Almost-a-Soldier—Yessir, I hit the
target.



Now if I ask a question,

Please answer the best you can;
All right, here it is; Get ready! Dodge!
Why is a colored man?

★ ★

Frazer—"Why am I-3 like a bank?"

Shaver—"Dunno; why?"

Frazer—"Since Sgt. Wells cum we hab a
Teller."

★ ★

Mills says dat anybody what says he dun
gib any money away am jis a bushead story
teller eber time he say it.

★ ★

Dr. Jackson (during a Sunday afternoon
service)—"Well boys, is there any selec-
tion that you would like to hear?"

Shepard—"Yes, Sah! Sing dem "Home-
sickness Blues."

★ ★

Barnes—"Shannon, how long you dun
hab de Two-bugs?"

Shannon—"I dunno, but dem two bugs
dun raised a hellafa big family."

★ ★

A colored sergeant while drilling a squad
of dusky-hued lads at Camp Jackson had
one boy who could not or would not stand
at attention. After exhausting his pa-
tience and vocabulary on the erratic one,
he secured a two-by-four from a woodpile
nearby and started toward the boy.

"Man!" cried the lad. "Whut yo' gwine
do wid dat stick?"

"Niggah, I'm either goin' to stand you
to attention, or *lay* you to attention!"

★ ★

"They call our Medical Corps an un-
seasoned branch of service."

"Well, they were fairly well mustered
in, have plenty of pep and now everybody
admits they are the salt of the earth."

★ ★

He—Doesn't Maude look like a peach
tonight?

She—Yes, but she didn't get the bloom
evenly distributed.

★ ★

"To begin with, they fell in love."

"Then what happened?"

"They fell out."



LITTLE LIGHT-FOOT

* * *
 We have a nurse
 * * *
 At our ward
 * * *
 Who is quite slim
 * * *
 And looks as if
 * * *
 A heavy wind
 * * *
 Could bear her off.
 * * *
 Some days ago
 * * *
 At seven a.m.
 * * *
 I heard a sound
 * * *
 Like iron-shod hoofs
 * * *
 Along the porch.
 * * *
 It shook the house
 * * *
 And jarred my bed
 * * *
 And woke me from
 * * *
 A dreamless sleep.
 * * *
 I thought it was
 * * *
 The orderly,
 * * *
 So I sat up
 * * *
 To bawl him out
 * * *
 For waking me.
 * * *
 But then I saw
 * * *
 It was the nurse.
 * * *
 I Thank You.

Speaking of rumors, have you heard that—

—Lt. Baier's Ford is running?

—Medals for sick in hospitals are to be issued?—a silver bar for each six months in one.

—Lt. Kappler is giving each of the twenty men, who have so often helped him start his Ford, a Thrift Stamp as appreciation for their faithful services?

—There will be no Turkey for Xmas?

—The Detachment will be drilled in front of this ward from one to three each day?

—Lt. Anheir is rising earlier these mornings? He appears at breakfast with his shoes on.

—Lt. Nolan got his discharge?

—The Guards will be furnished with boomerangs instead of *two* clubs?—J.R.K.

★ ★

The melon Colic days are here,

The Saddest of the year.

★ ★

Alas, our friend, Kelly, has departed from our presence! How well I knew him. He left us with only a good-bye and a pair of old shoes. Well do I remember him as he stood, with the rain dripping off his eyebrows, chin and toes, the wind whistling thru his mustache, that memorial day at "Ba'r Waller." His merry smile shown thru the wet and gloom like the sunshine thru the morning mist.

But stop! This wonderful "Bird of Paradise" was not on a par with St. Patrick, for he—gambled. He played a "mean" hand in that awful game, Bridge, and it is rumored that he played Keeno for prizes and was on speaking terms with the most famous "Gamblers" of Asheville.

Still, let us hope that he may return some worse for his leave, that he may again be counted as one of us.

H. K. C.

★ ★

Several officers left on leave this week. Some to have a jolly good time, others to spend Xmas with their wives.

BILL GETS TWO WEEKS ON POST.

Dere Maude:

Yer frend Bill has got himself too weeks on Post. That meens Maude, I ain't aloud to leve the Post fer too weeks fer nothin at all. Thats given as a punishment cause I am a sound sleeper. In this here army I guess yer are supposed ter sleep with won eye open and both ears, reddey ter jump out of bed any time a bugle blows. Now I ain't won of these guys what used ter be a policeman and got his trainin sleepin on his beet. I'm a regeler sleeper and when I sleeps I sleeps, I never sleeps half way. They got a tin bugle in this here camp what got a frog in it's throat and when it blows it sounds like the squeek of a trolley car ten blocks away. They blow this in the mornin when yer supposed ter get up, but nobody heres it exceptin the night wardmen what are jest comin off duty, and ter them it sounds like a sick pashunt callin fer a nurse. Well, as I sez befor I ain't won of them mugs what sleeps with all his close on, I allways takes my shoes and leggins off before turnin in, and when this bugle lets out a toot I never heres it and only wakes up maybe when these other fellers are fallin in fer roll call. Then its too late ter get up anyhow so I turns over and goes ter sleep agin. Well I done this, and some smart Aleck what got a head like a pin and a disposition like a sour apple tells the sargent and now I'm punished and fer too hole weeks I got tes stay here. I'll get that shrimp what snitched, even if I got ter get up fer roll-call ter do it.

Pity me Maude, I dasn't go ter the city and walk up and down and down and up the main street and maybe take a bawlin out from the M. P's. I got ter stay here every nite and won nite go ter the dance at the K. of C. and the next nite to a show at the Red Cross. And I got a chance ter catch up with my washin, I ain't had a chance ter wash my close or neck fer near onter too months.

It's to bad I got them too weeks on Post. Thats why I couldnt get yer a Christmas Present. I bought an alarm clock instead.

Yours wide awake

—BILL.

★ ★

Readers, Attention! Sometime in the near future an article on the famous game of Parcheesi will appear in this weekly. Research work is now going on; someone stole a set of dice.



"AS YOU WERE" SERIES—No. 4

FEW MARRIAGES AT FIRST SIGHT.

The soldiers returning to civil life will be protected against hasty and unfortunate marriages, insofar as the Government can give them such protection, it has been learned from the Provost Marshal-General's Department in Washington. The "questionnaires" are being sent to marriage license bureaus at the principal cities, and these must be satisfactorily answered by the soldiers and their prospective brides before marriage licenses may be issued. Investigations will be made if necessary. It has been found that unscrupulous women married soldiers with the sole intention of getting their insurance. In other cases, soldiers came to the marriage license bureaus with women whom they had known, but a short time, and who evidently had fallen in love with the United States uniform.

ONE OF OUR BEST LEAVING

Lt. Rutledge, one of the first men officers to come to this Post, and who has been actively engaged in the work of the Reconstruction, is being relieved shortly—to proceed to Fort Bayard, New Mexico—where he will assume a still more active work.

His leaving us is deeply regretted, yet the camp and his friends are the richer for having had him with us these months.

CORPORAL CASE, POPULAR KENILWORTH MAN

It is with the deepest regret that we learn of the death of Corporal Case, of the Kenilworth Detachment, who died last week at Base Hospital No. 3, New Jersey, being one of the numberless influenza victims. Case was known by many of the men here, especially those that were detailed from Kenilworth.

NEW RULING ON UNIFORMS

The recent order emanating from the War Department regarding the return of all equipment has been rescinded. All men honorably discharged from the service may permanently retain their uniform and overcoat. This will undoubtedly be regarded by many as welcome news and the uniform will serve as a fitting memento of the Great World War.

All enlisted men having returned from overseas will wear the regulation overseas cap until discharged and will retain them for their headgear after discharge. This modifies the order forbidding the use of these caps on the Post.

First Soldier (on seeing a civilian approaching with a perambulator)—That man is of draft age, too.

Second Soldier—Yes, but I'll say he's pushing his claim for exemption.



"Kin I be a so-ger, papa?" the kiddie insistently pleaded.

The lieutenant finally agreed with his offspring, saying, "Why, certainly, my boy, you may be a soldier if you wish."

"Dammit, then, pass them beans," burst forth from the child to the general surprise of everyone.—*Kelly Field Eagle.*

★ ★

"Doctor, do you approve of all those don't-worry theories?"

"Well, I always like to have my patients indulge in a little healthy anxiety about paying my bills."—*Boston Transcript.*

★ ★

The husband arrived home much later than usual "from the office. He took off his boots and stole into the bedroom. His wife began to stir. Quickly the panic-stricken man went to the cradle of his first-born and began to rock it vigorously.

"What are you doing there, Robert?" queried his wife.

"I've been sitting here for nearly two hours trying to get this baby to sleep," he growled.

"Why, Robert, I've got him here in bed with me," replied his wife.

Then there were words.—*Tit-Bits.*

★ ★

"I am surprised to see you have such a quantity of preserves left over from last year."

"Nobody could get the lids off," explained the housewife briefly.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*



Two Jews were on a journey on a hot summer day. "Have you anything with you, Matthias?" asked one.

"Yes, a bottle of wine. What have you Moses?"

"A dry tongue."

"Good! We will divide our provisions."

Matthias produced his wine and it was divided. Then he asked his fellow-traveler to bring out his provisions.

"I?" said Moses.

"Why, yes, the dry tongue you said you had."

"I haven't got one now," was the cool reply.

★ ★

"What did the landlord say when you told him you would leave if the janitor didn't give you more heat?"

"Didn't seem to worry him." In fact, he suggested another location where I would get all the heat I wanted and then some.—*Louisville Courier-Journal.*

★ ★

"The army must be a terrible place," said Aunt Samantha, looking up from the evening paper.

"What makes you think so, Samantha?" asked her dutiful spouse.

"Why, jest think what it must be where beds is bunk and meals is a mess."

★ ★

"Why don't you get rid of that mule?"

"Well, suh, I hates to give in. If I was to trade dat mule off he'd regard it as a personal victory. He's been tryin' foh de las' six weeks to git rid of me."



M. D. K. ON NURSES.

It was at the Red Circle and he was just a snip of a boy.

And on his right arm was two gold chevrons and his left

Arm the same. Across his chest was the blue, white and red

Ribbon denoting participation in the second battle of the Marne.

That historical place which Papa Joffre, placing his finger on the

Map where the Marne is situated, said "they shall not pass."

And they didn't. And this youngster was modestly recounting his

Experiences in the suicide division and his voice would squeak

Occasionally the effects of gas. Then it was that some one passed

A slighting remark about a nurse. Immediately this boy's face grew

Livid and his voice was high pitched and weak. He jumped from his seat.

In the field he said the Germans were attacking with their gas bombs

Which swept across the lines and half his company were casualties. Mustard

Gas not only nauseates but it also burns. This fellow's skin just shriveled

Up from it and he was blinded. Then came the first aid station and the

Subsequent transfers until he found himself, blind and helpless in one of

The big American general hospitals in Bordeaux. For thirty-two long days and nights

This boy was sightless. At every beck and call was some army nurse. Her efforts were

Tireless. Finally the tender care which he received told and he debarked for

Home with his sight regained. This was the type of woman that was being assailed.

Why, he said, they were the ones who were the real heroes of the war. They made

The sacrifices and willfully, even enthusiastically took to nursing. Overlooking

The disagreeable features and glorying in the results attained. So he suggested

That all the patients ought not to find fault with any of these women

And should it so happen that their bed is wrinkled or the food served

Later than usual just forget that it might be the nurses fault, but laugh

At the incident and you will make it more pleasant for everyone concerned.

—M. D. K.





To all Members of this Command:

It is impossible for me to greet you all personally. My heartfelt wish is that the year Nineteen-Nineteen will be the best you have ever had.

Henry W. Haglund
LT. COL. M. C., U. S. A.
COMMANDING

FABLES—BY SARDIS

(With apologies to Aesop)

Once there were two soldiers in a hospital at Azalea. One was loud, unruly, and continually in trouble; the other was quiet, obedient, and, withal, cheerful.

As Christmas drew near, the first fellow went to Ward Surgeon and said if he did not get a furlough he would go "Over the Hill." He did not get his furlough and his attempted A.W.O.L. landed him in the guard-house for Christmas.

The second soldier respectfully requested a furlough. It was granted him, so that he was able to spend Christmas at home with his relatives.

MORAL — Don't blow your horn unless you have something behind it. When people get on to you, "sad will be the day get on to you, "sad will be the day thereof."

The little tailor shop was filled with clothes to be repaired; on a table two coats were lying side by side, one with a gold stripe on the left sleeve, the other with two silver ones. When darkness came on, the coats engaged in conversation. Gold Stripe spoke up in rather supercilious voice:

"So you are one of those Silver Stripe chaps? Your soldier must have a lot of nerve to wear those stripes among men who have crossed the ocean to fight the Germans. It seems to me that the stripes should be yellow instead of silver."

"Do you?" answered Silver Stripes calmly. "When was your soldier drafted?"

Gold Stripe hesitated before replying. "He was called into the service last June, but he was such a good soldier that he went over to France within two."

Silver Stripes spoke sharply. "Here you are regarding me contemptuously and your soldier is not even entitled to the Stripe he is wearing. Whereas, my soldier enlisted a year ago in July and was sent to a new cantonment where he was made a First Sergeant in a Depot Brigade Company when the first crowd of drafted men arrived. He made himself so valuable there both by his capable drilling of men and his paper work that his captain would not transfer him to an Overseas Company, when my soldier importuned him many times. What value has your soldier been to the Army? None, and he has been a big expense. My soldier has been of great aid in training recruits and inculcating the necessary principles."

Gold Stripe did not reply.

MORAL—A gold wash does not make an article more valuable than one of silver.



NICA PUTS THE "B" ON THE MASCOT

DISCHARGES FOR ESSENTIAL MEN.

General March, chief of staff, has directed the discharge of enlisted men for the relief of *sickness and distress in their families or an account of urgent need of their services in industrial work.*

It is not contemplated that there shall be any wholesale discharge of men in groups, but the order is broad enough to permit commanders to grant the individual discharge of enlisted men on their own application wherever they can be spared to look after the conditions of distress in their families and where their services are urgently needed in industrial organizations.

There are a number of instances in which young men who were in posts of importance as directing heads of business firms were drafted and whose service in the army has seriously interfered with business and commerce. Now that the military needs of the Government are not such as to require their services, these men in many instances want to return to civil life, and the concerns with which they were identified are desirous of obtaining their services at the earliest possible moment.

★ ★

She—Did he make an enviable record overseas?

Second She—I should say he did! He twirled his riding crop for an average of .654.

★ ★

THE PRACTICAL SIDE.

Homesick Hubert—Gee, I wish I'd married the lil girl before I left the States!

Unhomesick Oscar (who did)—Huh, cheer up. If you had they'd be sticking you for a compulsory allotment.

LETTERS OF A LIEUTENANT.

My dear wife:—We are commencing to get down to hard work. Yesterday we took a 15-mile hike and then "bivouaced" for the night. Bivouac merely means "sleeping out." When we were kids it was great fun. Last night it was like another touch of forgotten youth. This exercise is making a new man out of me; there's no waste around my waist line now.

Last week a bunch of us went into town and decided to have a party. They won't sell anything to drink to a man in uniform. Rogers suggested we go up to the hotel, get a room and he would do the rest. We went to the Graybill Hotel and got the room. Rogers went to the telephone, and after calling the bar ordered six highballs. Then he took off everything but his B. V. D's. Pretty soon there was a knock at the door. Rogers opened it and there stood a darkey with a tray and the highballs. The rest were all out of his line of sight. I guess he must have noticed Rogers' shoes because he said:

"Kain't serve no liquuh to anybuddy whut ain't in civilian clothes."

"Well, I haven't any uniform on," said Rogers.

"Das all true enuff," said Mr. Ducky, "but dat union suit ain't no civilian clothes neithah."

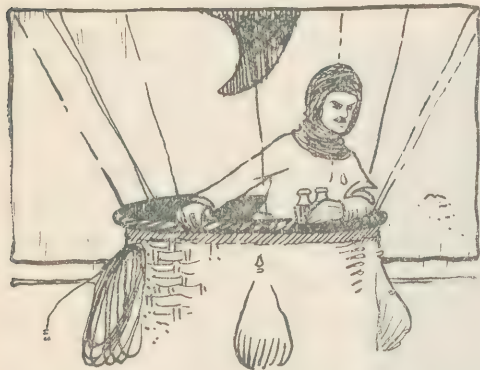
Since we had our French lessons everything around here is beaucoop. And everything that's done is done "toot sweet." But one fellow insists on calling everyone "mon sewer." He ought to have a week at the incinerators. If you have read "Dere Mable," you'll realize that much of this is very "tecknickle."

I'm glad you all got over the "flu" so well. I wanted to get home to help you out, but the colonel couldn't see it. If he'd let all of us go home that wanted to he'd have the whole camp to himself.

I'm expecting orders soon to start overseas. When I get them I'll write and say to you, "Have the kids learned their A, B, C's?" and then you start right out for New York and go to the McAlpin. We're not allowed to say when we start.

If Junior insists on being naughty tell him I won't bring him the kaiser's sword as I promised. x x x x x You know what I mean!

FISHER MORSE,
Still 1st Lieut., M.C., U.S.A.



We bear no malice, we hold no grudge. And to show that we are not constantly swinging the axe, here go a few words of commendation. Have you ever stopped to realize what really is the main artery of this camp? What actually makes the wheels go round? It is the Quartermaster Corps, and to them untold credit is due. They bake the bread, they supply the subsistence, they heat your wards and barracks, they repair defective constructions and lastly they pay you. Perhaps you do not know what a gigantic task they are efficiently executing. Do you know that while you sleep the fires are kept burning? Do you know that while you are partaking of your evening's recreation your pay roll is being figured, the debts that you have contracted are being paid? We know that theirs' is the hardest kind of work and we know it is well done.

★ ★

"Retreat." Looking down from above we see it nightly. It is a most inspiring sight to see the Detachment and the patients marching column after column, forming about the flag-staff and rendering honor to our glorious emblem. What can be more impressive than that call of the bugle as the standard is lowered and the absolute reverence which is shown by the formation standing at "attention." When all other memories have become dimmed by the passing of time, "Retreat" will hold its place amongst our recollections as all that is symbolic of army life and atmosphere.

★ ★

We are about to welcome a new year. We are about to make the usual New Year's resolution. We do not doubt that they will be kept as faithfully as those of the past. One new one will add to our category. We resolve always to retrospect with pride to the days spent under this command. And that resolution we will keep. A Happy New Year to you all.

The Observer.

UNCLE DUDLEY SAYS.

"Now thet th's big scrap seems t' hev been ended t' th' satisfackshun o' all parties concerned, 'cept th' gol-dinged huns, them there 'adjourned pollyticks' air bein' recalled quite promiskus like en th' war hatchets air bein' sharpened real careful by th' Big Chiefs o' th' different war parties."

— ★ —

"Seems thet my Nevvy, Woodrow, iz a gettin' a right smart recepshun in them there furrin kentrys. Wall, all I hev got t' say iz ez follers: When th' real Boss o' th' Unyverse goes a visitin', he iz shore goin' t' be welkumed real respectful like."

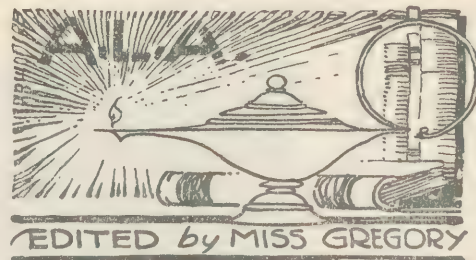
"There wunst wuz a time when th' folks across th' pond sorter looked down on yer Ole Unckle Samuel, bein' ez he wuz sorter young en undeveloped in th' ways o' th' world. Wall, seems ez t' how th' young feller got peeved en started in t' declare hisself en make hiz posishun plain t' all, en now thet th' dust en fur o' th' leetle argyment iz beginnin' t' clear away, them there folks acrost th' pond hev got a whoppin' big respect fer thet selfsame youngster real sudden. Seems thet they sure made a plumb amazin' mistake in th' fust place."

— ★ —

"Yer Ole Unckle Dudley iz a feller what likes t' spruce up onct in a while en step out with th' young ladies fer a leetle divershun, but I'll be eternally hornwoggled ef this ain't th' fust time he hes hed t' travel away frum home en sorter sashay around amongst a town full o' strangers when there air su many hum-dingers right here t' hum. Sum reggylashuns air shore plumb puzzlin'."

— ★ —

"Did ye ever xperience thet sorter foolish sick feelin' thet kums when ye hev bet yer whole stack o' chips on three Big Bullets, en then hev th' tother feller lay four measley little deuces? Wall, ye kin then realize th' feelin' yer Ole Unckle Dudley hed th' tother day in th' city when he saw a swell leetle chicken goin' down th' street ahead o' him en ef she dident turn en giv th' *Come On*. Wall, I sorter hustled along like en when I caught up t' her, I sez, sez I, 'Hello leetle one, why so lonesum this fair day,' sez I. En by gum when she turned en smiled, er she wuz about thirty-five years old, hed a wart on her nose, en most o' her teeth gone. Gol darn it. There ought t' be a law against permittin' sech critters on th' streets nohow. Seems thet a feller aint got no perteckshun at all hereabouts."



THE LIBRARY.

One of the most frequent questions coming to the hospital library in the last week, has to do with the work of the Federal Board for vocational education.

The answer to all manner of questions may be found in Bulletin No. 1 issued by this board and available to any who may wish to consult it. It is a statement of policies, and contains the initial plans. Other bulletins which are in this series are:

No. 2—Training for radio and buzzer operators.

No. 3—Emergency training in shipbuilding.

No. 4—Mechanical and technical training for conscripted men.

No. 5—Vocational rehabilitation of disabled soldiers.

No. 6—Training teachers for occupational therapy.

No. 7—Emergency war training for motor-truck drivers.

No. 8—Training for machine-shop occupations, etc.

No. 9—Training for electricians, telephone repairmen, etc.

No. 10—Training for gas-engine, motor-car and motor-cycle repairmen.

No. 11—Emergency war training for oxy-acetylene welders.

No. 12—Training for airplane mechanics.

No. 13—Agricultural education.

No. 14—Reference material for vocational agricultural instruction.

No. 15—National systems of vocational re-education.

No. 16—Training for radio mechanics and radio operators.

No. 17—Trade and industrial education.

No. 18—Evening industrial schools.

No. 19—Part-time trade and industrial education.

No. 21—Home project as a phase of vocational agricultural education.

No. 22—Retail selling.

No. 24—Vocational education for foreign trade and shipping.

I WONDER!

"I wonder when he will come back."

The lonely little girl (she may be yours we are talking about) with the sweet, wistful face paused in front of the modest cottage where there was a service flag displayed. Every time she passed that house—and she passed it often—she asked herself that question.

Way down in the glorious mountain section of Western Carolina was a young fellow with a clean cut, cheerful face, who passed his time in washing windows, manicuring lawns, or he may just be fitting himself to get back into civil life with a pair of leather-like lungs. And some time in every day, when perhaps he had a moment to himself to sit down and think, he asked himself this question:

"I wonder if she is thinking of me?"

Somewhere in that village was a man. He was too old to go to war, but he was not too old to know the doubts and sorrows of a trusting heart. He was not too old to know that courage is based on hope and cheer. And every day, some time, when he met that sweet-faced girl, he would twist his face into a positive ray of light and perfect confidence, and he would say:

"Don't worry, little girl. Come back soon? Sure! Why, there ain't a shadow of a doubt about it!"

And somewhere in that soldier boy's company was another man, who, when he saw him silent and looking off somewhere, made a point of sitting down beside him and saying:

"Betcher you got a girl! Betcher she's the best there is! Betcher she's got her mind on you, mornin', noon and night! Smoke up!"

★ ★

FORECAST OF SPRING STYLES
FOR MEN

Trousers will have a fuller effect than in some time past. Socks will be visible above the shoe-tops at all times. Black oxfords will be all the rage. Tunics will be sleeveless, with an abbreviated Eaton effect; a light coat of the same texture will doubtless be worn. The derby (black) will return to favor. Top coats will be carried on the arm. Pajamas and B. V. D.'s will come into their own.

★ ★

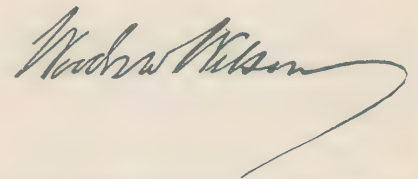
Marshal Foch seems to have done a better job of getting the boys out of the trenches by Christmas than Henry Ford.

Moreover, there is a delightful sense of permanence about Foch's work that should certainly recommend his method.

PRESIDENT
WILSON'S
MESSAGE

*On the Hurts of
the Wounded*

"This Nation has no more solemn obligation than healing the hurts of our wounded and restoring our disabled men to civil life and opportunity. The Government recognizes this, and the fulfillment of the obligation is going forward fully and generously. The medical divisions of the War and Navy Departments are rendering all aid that skill and science make possible; the Federal Board for Vocational Education is commanded by law to develop and adapt the remaining capabilities of each man so that he may again take his place in the ranks of our great civilian army. The co-operation and interest of our citizens is essential to this programme of duty, justice, and humanity. It is not a charity. It is merely the payment of a draft of honor which the United States of America accepted when it selected these men, and took them in their health and strength to fight the battles of the Nation. They have fought the good fight; they have kept the faith, and they have won. Now we keep faith with them, and every citizen is endorser on the general obligation."



A. E. F.

These initials will live forever in the memory of mankind.

At Cantigny and Chateau Thierry, a new page of the world's history was begun, and the American Expeditionary Forces turned the leaf. America's fighting men had the immortal privilege of giving the signal "forward march" to the allied line, and the spirit to lead the way. It is glorious to know that a mere handful of Americans had courage and dash enough to electrify the millions in the allied armies.

Our men have done wonderful fighting on the fields of France. We expected that. And they have done a greater thing—they have made the world love them and their native land. This thing is the supreme proof that democracy is fit to lead civilization, that free men are fearless and clean and worthy men—and best of all it proves that the American Woman is the finest mother in all the world!

"JUST AMONG FRIENDS!"

ENLISTED MEN, SALUTE YOUR
OFFICERS.

Oteen is an official U. S. Army Post, and every man here is in the eyes of the Army a soldier—whether his actions denote it or not. There is one qualification sadly lacking—the question of THE HAND SALUTE. Because you are a patient doesn't excuse you from rendering this outward form of courtesy—and being a Detachment man of little training doesn't allow you to stand on the main road and let five officers pass you without a sign of recognition as in a case I saw the other day. Some may accredit it to stupidity—I say it is rank carelessness. I served in the line for years—the first lesson well learned was saluting—not so much the individual in the uniform—I was saluting something that typifies the U. S.. In those days failing to salute would warrant fifteen days on the rock pile—but if this were to become effective in this camp—there would be no end of rock splitters here! Watch your saluting.

20 YEARS' SERVICE.

RECONSTRUCTION DEPT. NOTES

Perhaps the most important event in the Reconstruction work at Oteen occurred last Friday—the removal from the former inadequate quarters, and the assemblage of the whole service under one roof. Now that the entire staff can meet daily without the loss of time involved in holding the classes wherever room could be found, it is believed that the efficiency of the department will steadily increase. The new quarters are in building 723, beyond the Nurses' Infirmary, and near the Checking Office of the contractors, on the Hill Road. Visitors will be cordially welcomed, and are urged to see the lines of activity pursued.

★ ★

During the week our staff has been augmented by the arrival of First Lieutenant H. J. Kefauver, Second Lieutenant Jacob H. Shuey, Head Aides A. M. Barranger and M. M. Jones; Junior Aides, Misses Brice, Beebe and McCrum, Mrs. Baker, Misses Speed, Alden, Biggerstaff and Dougherty and Mrs. Harter.

★ ★

Two more commissioned officers have been ordered here, and twenty "technicians and tradesmen" are expected.

★ ★

At the stated weekly conference of the instructional staff on Sunday, December 22, the address was made by Capt. David Townsend, Medical Adviser to the Reconstruction service. The speaker delivered an extremely interesting, instructive and practical address on certain popular misapprehensions regarding the nature of the malady of our patients and its relation to the reconstruction work. Captain Townsend has been requested to give us another Sunday morning in the near future.

★ ★

Various kinds of arts and crafts work are now going forward in every open word. Classes are meeting in the reconstruction building. The carpentry work and the tailor shop are in full operation. Plans are well along for the printing shop, the shoe-repair shop, the gas-engine theory and practice work, the photography class, and instruction in modeling in clay. The new year will see the telegraphy installed, and shortly there after electrical work (including switchboard instruction), and wood-carving and turning, will be offered to the men.

Instruction is now being carried on in the following kinds of work: Stenography, typewriting, elementary English for native Americans, elementary English for foreigners, mechanical drawing, architectural drawing, carpentry, cabinet making, mathematics, business English, tailoring, and in the great variety of work in arts and crafts conducted in the wards by the aides.

★ ★

On this showing there is good reason to believe, now that the department has a building of its own, that the excellent work already done will expand until it attains the reconstruction ideal—i. e., every man in the hospital, if physically able, pursuing some activity which will make him, when he leaves the Army, more efficient both socially and economically than when he entered the service.

THE AIDES.

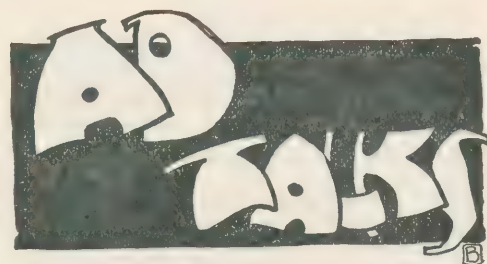
★ ★

Last Monday a contingent of reconstruction aides arrived at the Post. They had been accepted for overseas service, but because of the armistice were detained. These women were awaiting transportation from the Hotel Albert in New York city. Since the signing of the armistice no reconstruction aides have been sent overseas, but instead were assigned to various reconstructive bases in this country.

The aides who reported here for duty were in charge of Head Aide Miss Barranger. Mrs. Baker, Miss Dougherty and Miss Alden reported as junior aides. Four more reconstruction aides arrived Saturday. They are: Miss Mary M. Jones, Head Aide; Misses Brice, Geebe, McCrum and Mrs. Harter, Junior Aides. These workers will continue to arrive until two complete units of ten workers each have reported.

★ ★

Savage quickly learned the art of hollering "attention!" as officers came into quarters. Assigned to officers' quarters, he immediately got to the sweeping job. Finishing the main building, he ventured over into the Colonel's division, and the third room he opened the door, finding Friend Colonel and a number of other representatives. Decided he didn't belong there, and beat a hasty retreat. He felt however he'd omitted something. A moment later he stuck his head through the door and bellowed, "As you were, gentlemen!"



BUYING SPACE ADVERTISING.

One may own an aeroplane yet not necessary be an aviator.

Similarly one may buy space in large quantities in newspapers and magazines, but that doesn't make him an advertiser in the advertising sense of the word.

It isn't *how much* space you use that keeps the cash register ringing; it is *what* you say (and oftentimes what you do not say) in that space which keeps the steady tide of dollars streaming your way.

The Service Department of The Oteen will be glad to co-operate with you in preparing your advertising and solving your sales problems.

★ ★

SIGNS.

(To Be Sung to the Tune of Smiles.)

There are signs that make me happy,

There are signs that make me sick;

There are signs—if I catch the guy that wrote them

I will soak him with a brick.

There are signs with awful meaning,

There are signs no matter where I roam—
But the sign that fills my heart with
sunshine,

Is the sign that I'm going home.

★ ★

Husband—It is a strange thing, but true, that the biggest fools have the most beautiful wives.

Wife (pleased)—Oh, you flatterer!

—Judge

★ ★

A soldier was going home on a self-granted furlough at a time when his finances were at a low ebb. He boarded the train and walked ahead to the smoker of the first Pullman. The train pulled out. Stoutly the voice of the conductor was heard.

"Tickets please."

The soldier rose to his feet, looked carefully at each of the men in the smoker and said slowly and impressively, "Gentlemen, I trust to your honor."

And he dived under the seat just before the conductor came into the smoker and stayed there, a small silent knot until he had passed into the next car.



THE GREAT FORCE

I am the hope of many a life—the companion of many a sorrow.

All the moods are mine. I am hilarious, I am frivolous, I am gay, I am serious, I am sad. I spin out the silver thread of hope, the golden thread of comfort and solace. To the wanderer, I am home. In the despondent I renew resolve. To the broken I give reconstructed bodies, in the despairing I bring hope.

I am ever ready—I never tire. I am the dwelling place of the richest, or the most lowly of the land. In war I was not found wanting—and in peace times I shall be ever at the service of man. Many there were who would have stilled my voice—many that I have uplifted and made anew—but when put to the test they were found wanting. I was not, and I have proven my worth. I found my niche, for I am full of cheer, I am the essence of pure healing.

I am ever on duty to receive the saviors of civilization.

I am OTEEN.

ITS THE LITTLE THINGS THAT COUNT.

The wife of an Oteen officer while walking upon the streets of Asheville a few days ago dropped a letter. The letter was directed and sealed but was unstamped. In due course of time the letter was answered from a distant city, clearly proving that some one in Asheville had picked the letter up, placed a stamp on it and mailed it. This was a very simple, and one might almost say, the natural thing to do. And yet it is the simple and the natural things that one does that reveal the true character of the individual. We have grown accustomed to hearing of the heroic deeds of our soldiers in France, we have daily witnessed the sacrifices made by the people at home, we know beyond question that when national honor and national ideals are at stake that individual danger and individual discomfort count for nothing. We know that as a nation we are capable of doing great things and we know that the greatness of the nation is due to the unfettered spirit of some millions of individuals. And yet there is always the hope of reward, of praise of glory or of earning gratitude in all the sacrifices made in war. As we turn from the scenes of war to the scenes of civil life we expect to find the individuals who gave themselves so freely to the public good now become selfish, grasping and frequently unkind in their daily dealings with their fellowmen.

In the simple act of picking up a letter on the street, placing a stamp upon it and mailing it to an unknown stranger, an act for which there could be no thanks, no gratitude, no personal appreciation, some unknown individual in the city of Asheville has done far more for us than he knew. That person has made us feel that this is a better world to live in, that we are among better people and that unknown hands are lifted more frequently for our comfort than we had before realized.

CAPT. B. K. H.

★ ★

Sixty-three new Quartermaster men arrived last week from Camps Green and Johnston. This makes the Detachment strength of the hospital 672 men.

★ ★

On Wednesday last fifty of the colored boys were pronounced fit as fiddles, and transferred to the Development Battalion at Camp Wadsworth, Spartanburg, where in all probabilities, they will shortly be mustered out.

CORTEZ CIGARS FOR MEN OF BRAINS— MADE AT KEY WEST

MAKERS OF THE LEGION OF HONOR CIGAR

SOCIAL SMOKE SHOP D. S. SCHANDLER

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AGENCY FOR ALL LEADING MAGAZINES AND
PERIODICALS

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E. J. GRISET New 7-Passenger Reo "6" For Hire *"To Parties Who Care"*



Special Attention Given to Soldiers

CITIZENS TRANSFER *and* COAL COMPANY

PATTON AVENUE AND
GOVERNMENT STREET

Telephones 24 and 25

\$1.00 ONE DOLLAR \$1.00

CUT THIS AD. OUT. WE WILL ALLOW ONE DOLLAR ON IT ON
ANY TRANSACTION OF \$3.00 OR MORE IF THIS IS
USED BEFORE FEBRUARY FIRST

S. ROBINSON, Opt. D. *Optometrist and Optician*

"We Grind Our Own Glasses"

78 PATTON AVENUE

JUST BELOW POSTOFFICE



Mr. Jack Silverman, Field Representative of the Jewish Welfare Board, formerly stationed at Camp Greene, N. C., as Head Worker, arrived in Asheville to take charge of the Welfare Work of the J.W.B. in the four hospitals near Asheville and in Asheville itself.

★ ★

"There is no place like home"; yes, we know it, boys, but while you are here, the J.W.B. is desirous of giving you home hospitality. We want you to feel that we are not giving you any charity or that you are imposing upon us. There are a number of families in town who are your friends and who would like to have you at their homes when you are in town. See Mr. Silverman for full particulars. His office is at the J.W.B., 75½ Broadway.

★ ★

Watch for our weekly announcements! Things are going to be pretty lively at the Jewish Welfare Club Rooms now. Just as soon as the health authorities will permit, we shall inaugurate Weekly Dances every Tuesday night, and a big real smoker on Saturday night. Aside from the above, there will be a number of special affairs now and then, and open house every night, where you are invited to come and make use of the pool tables, victrola, showers, writing tables, games, etc.

★ ★

The biggest and most important service of the J.W.B. is the Personal Service Department. Mr. Silverman, the Local Secretary, is a specialist in the above line, and if he can be of any service to you, your friends or family, do not hesitate to come forward.

★ ★

Do not forget the Friday evening services at the J.W.B. We want you and expect you there every Friday night.

★ ★

There are a number of Prayer Books and Bibles at J.W.B. that have just been received and are there for distribution. Come and get one for a remembrance of our service to the men during this war.

J. S.

"O. D."

9:00 a. m.—Reported to C. O. and relieved Lt. ———, who was all in.

9:11 a. m.—Am held up by orderly. Signed six different requests and fourteen notifications.

9:15 a. m.—Get started. Go back after walking two miles and tell orderly where I can be found, if I never come back.

11:30 a. m.—Have inspected all the wards. Sixteen miles covered and many more to go. Capt. X has not obtained his push-cart, took it up with the chief of police, who referred me to the utility officer. He sent me to the Q. M. "Nothing doing. Go to the supply officer." Supply officer is to think about it next week, Tuesday or Friday. Got lost twice while inspecting E wards. Inspected one ward three times.

11:30-12:30—Took a look at the eats in five different places, five more miles.

12:30-12:40 p. m.—Ate my own dinner, got excused from drill, cut conference, read headlines in morning paper and changed shoes. The pair I am wearing are too small.

12:50 p. m.—Admit eighteen patients. (Signed my initials eighteen times.)

1:00 p. m.—Go down to see how the detachments are living. Look at the heating plant and laundry as I go by, six miles covered and still more to go.

2:30 p. m.—More patients admitted. (More initials.)

2:35 p. m.—Reported that two of Lt. M's rabbits are not taking the rest hour, investigate same. Sheep is also disturbing the peace, call Lt. M. to account for same.

3:00 p. m.—Change shoes again.

4:00 to 5:00 p. m.—Get list of sixteen wards that I am to be called to during night.

5:00 to 6:00 p. m.—More messes. Am all in, don't care what becomes of me.

6:00 to 8:00 p. m.—Dissipation. (Supper, smoke, watch Lt. H clean up the pool tables and hear speech by Capt. S. on "The Army and Why I Am Still Here.")

8:30 p. m.—Have changed shoes again.

10:00 p. m.—Start out to see how many guards I can find. Am held up fourteen times, scared half to death twice and forget who I am once. None of the guards have weak lungs.

10:45 p. m.—More inspections. CC pills and mag. sulph. prescribed on urgent request.

12:20 a. m.—Called to E18. Get lost in the woods coming back.

1:15 a. m.—Go to bed, absolutely all in

2:45 a. m.—Violent pounding on door. Come to E1 at once. Am halted three times on the way, but finally get there. Patient has severe attack of cold feet.

6:15 a. m.—Am dressed after great effort. Begin to worry how I am to get my report copied.

7:30 a. m.—Breakfast. Appetite gone. Am still worrying about report.

8:15 a. m.—Am about to give up when help arrives.

8:55 a. m.—Utter exhaustion. Spend last five minutes pulling myself together to report.

9:00 a. m.—Report at officers ward for two weeks' rest.

Lt. C.

★ ★

A. W. O. L.

Absence from duty without permission is a military offense, and is not like throwing up a job in civil life. A soldier takes oath to serve his country for a definite period, and the Government requires him to live up to his word. Desertion is a military crime, which may be punished by heavy penalties, including imprisonment and loss of civil rights as a citizen. Disgrace rests on a deserter as long as he lives, not only in the eyes of his comrades, but with the people in civil life.

It is of the very greatest interest to each soldier that he complete his military career with honor and credit. *An honorable discharge from the Army is one of the greatest credentials a man can have in securing employment in civil life.* The United States Government by law gives many advantages to honorably discharged soldiers in respect to *preference as to employment, securing public lands and other matters.* Various communities also give preference to honorably discharged soldiers along similar lines.

An honorable discharge also confers upon the soldier the esteem and respect to his associates in any civil community. It is a card of admission to the great and powerful patriotic societies which must grow out of the war. It gives social status.

★ ★

"Say, a feller was around here lookin' for you just now."

"Zasso? What'd he look like?"

"Lessee. Come to think of it, he had on spiral leggins and a pair of O. D. pants."

OUR BUGLER

Is one of the Most Important Men
 In our little Army.
 He is the Promoter
 And Manufacturer
 Of the Noise
 That makes us Get Up
 In the Morning.
 He is the Most Hated
 And Feared Man
 On the Post
 Along about 5:45.
 His Maliciousness
 Is not Directed Alone
 Towards the Army.
 He has done One Great Good
 Towards War Economy.
 He has removed the Necessity
 For Alarm Clocks.
 I Hope every A. M.
 He'll forget to Get Up.
 He never does.
 In the Morning
 The Call
 Is Hoarse, Harsh, Unmusical,
 Like a Fog Horn,
 And I hate It.
 At Retreat
 I have Forgotten my Grudge
 Against the Bugler.
 I Wax Sentimental;
 I have Remembered
 My Patriotism,
 And I think the Call is Beautiful.
 The Bugler
 Is in Some Ways
 A Lucky Man.
 For Instance,
 He can Stand on the Square
 During the Day
 And Watch the Pretty
 And Otherwise Girls
 Go By,
 And never be Censured.
 He is ever Conscious
 And Observed.
 I feel Sorry for him
 On Rainy Days.

★ ★

Mr. Simpson's voice rumbled through the house. "Mary here's the baker. How many loaves? Two, as usual?"

"Two loaves, indeed," replied Mrs. Simpson. "Have you forgotten that Jack is coming home on leave today?"

"Of course!" said Mr. Simpson, as he suddenly remembered his sailor son was coming home. Here, Mr. Baker, back your cart up against this door, and tip her up."—Tit-Bits.

Your Portrait

for the Holidays

will delight the home folks and
 preserve the memory of your
 patriotic service. Make the
 appointment today. Phone 775

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EXTENDS ALL HIS GREETINGS OF THE SEASON—BIG REDUC-
 TIONS IN ALL DEPARTMENTS

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DIAMONDS, WATCHES, JEWELRY OF EVERY DESCRIPTION
 TRUNKS AND LEATHER GOODS

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PHOTOGRAPHS

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KODAK FINISHING—Any size roll developed for 10c. Packs 25c. Printing on double weight gloss paper or single weight dull paper at following prices:

2¼x3¾, or smaller, each	3c
2½x4¾, 3½x3½, 3¼x4¾, each	4c
3¼x5½, 4x5, and Post Cards, each	5c

Special Price on Post Cards or Prints in Lots of 100 or Over

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DRUGGISTS

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*Real Estate and
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FURNISHED HOUSES

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Properties

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**EDUCATOR
CRACKERS**

THE CRACKER WITH A NA-
TIONAL REPUTATION FOR
PURITY AND QUALITY, ARE
NOW SOLD AT THE

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EXCHANGE**

FURNISHED BY

Rogers Grocery Co.

Asheville

North Carolina

**THE AZALEA HOSPITAL BUYS ALL OF
ITS FISH FROM**

The Asheville Fish Company

What an endorsement for Quality this is!

At the Post Exchange You Get

"CAROLINA SPECIAL"

"The Ice Cream Supreme"



**CAROLINA
CREAMERY
COMPANY**

Superior Milk Products

UTILITIES DEPARTMENT.

Among other changes wrought in the U. S. Army by the mobilization of millions of men is the organization of the Construction Division of the Army in the Quartermaster Corps.

The Construction Division has charge of the building, operation and maintenance of Terminals, docks, warehouses, cantonments, camps, hospitals and the many and varied structures used and occupied by the army.

The Construction Division is sub-divided into two sections; the Construction Section builds the structures and is represented at this hospital by the Construction Quartermaster-Major Jenks B. Jenkins and his department. The maintenance and repair section or the "Utilities" is represented here by Capt. C. A. French and the Utilities Detachment. The Utilities officer reports directly to the Commanding Officer of a Post and to the Maintenance and Repair section of the Construction Division.

The "Utilities" have charge of the operation, maintenance and repair of buildings, grounds, streets and roads, water works, sewers, electric lighting stations, lines and circuits, steam heating and power plants, steam mains and appliances, plumbing and fire department.

The carpenters, plumbers, steamfitters, electricians, stationary fireman, water, sewer and road men, and fire protection detail belong to the Utilities Detachment.

The Utilities Office is in the central wing of building No. 401 (The Construction Quartermaster's Office) and is connected with the hospital exchange by phone.

There is kept in the Utilities Office a book for the purpose of noting reports of defects or repairs needed. In reporting defects or repairs care should be taken to give date, location, nature of defect, so that the work of repair may be assigned to the proper detail, such as carpenter, plumber, steamfitters, etc., and reports should be made as early in the morning as possible.

Work of an extensive nature desired should be requested through military channels and ordered by the Commanding Officer.

CHAS. A. FRENCH,

Capt. Q. M. C.

★ ★

"What makes you think you've grown hard-boiled since you joined the Army?"

"Because I've got the sweat trained to run down behind my ears."

SEVEN ACTS OF VAUDEVILLE AT THE RED CROSS.

On Thursday evening, December 19th, Field Director Wirt Howe presented his company of high class vaudeville entertainers, now touring the local Red Cross Circuit, in song, dance and story. The Red Cross Auditorium was filled to capacity and it is rumored that speculators were demanding and receiving exorbitant prices for standing-room privileges. The entire performance went over big, not an act lagging. It proved the best show that has visited Azalea in years.

The evening's entertainment commenced with a remarkable exhibition of the terpsichorian as interpreted by Miss Hemphill, of Asheville. It was warmly received and heartily applauded.

Act two introduced our old friend Bill Sims, now a private in E9, in his act "Bad Jake from New Orleans." If you didn't see him you missed a treat.

Dan Murphy, who may be found at times in W1 appearing for the first time since his return from overseas, offered a brand new and original monologue which took his audience by storm. His clever and timely remarks, and stories carried the house. He is as good as he ever was.

"Private Boyd Montre, of Ward W-3," or "The Million Dollar Hobo." Take your choice, they're one and the same. Funny, why one look at that outfit had the audience on their feet, and from then on it was one continuous scream. Nat Wills outdone. The best that vaudeville has produced in that role.

"Ten Minutes of Nonsense," presenting those old favorites, Frank L. Cahill, of W1, and Harry E. Humphreys, of C1. A never-to-be-forgotten ten minutes. They alone were worth the admission price. A dialogue with a laugh in every line. A corking good act closing a mighty good show. (Harry looked so well in that checked suit it seems a shame to keep him in a uniform.)

The grand ensemble, led by Director Howe, singing "I Hate to Love You," brought down the final curtain, leaving a well-pleased and highly-satisfied audience. Music was furnished by Private Wenige, W2, of New York fame, at the piano, and Private Robertson, of E4 at the traps and drums. Staging, men's costumes and lighting effects by "Mike" Gibbons, W1. Shoes by Uncle Sam. Ice cream by the Red Cross. A return engagement is urgently requested.

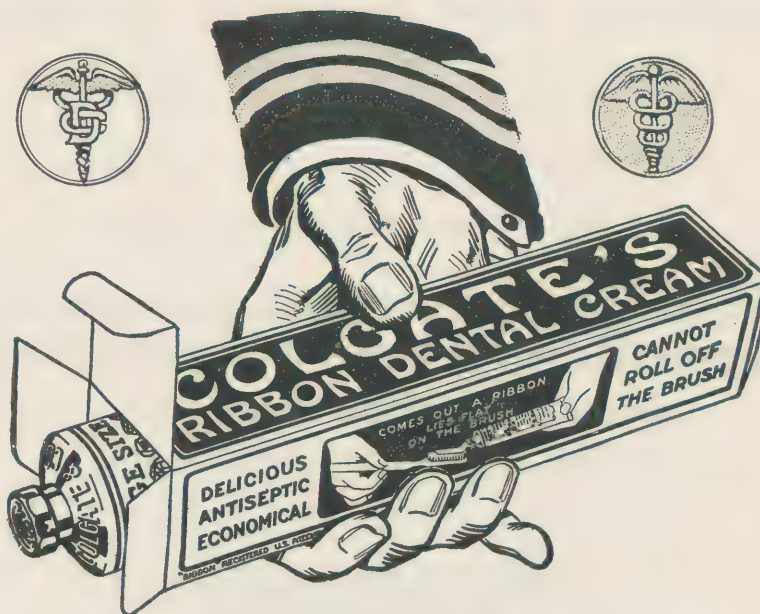
THE THEATREGOER.

Edwin C. Jarrett

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Offered to you as *your* dentifrice
for six good reasons

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|--|---|
| 1 Cleans the teeth thoroughly without injurious chemicals. | 4 Retards the growth of decay germs. |
| 2 Polishes them to natural whiteness without harmful grit. | 5 Delights by its delicious flavor (a "medicine" taste does not necessarily mean efficiency.) |
| 3 Corrects an acid condition of the mouth | 6 Leaves the mouth wholesome and the breath pure. |

Good Teeth — Good Health



Men's Army Shoes

AND
NURSES' SHOES
THAT FIT BIG AND LOOK LITTLE

Nichols' Shoe Co.

On the Square

Asheville

North Carolina

To You:

With fresh realization of what America
means to us all, we extend

*Best Wishes and Cordial Greetings
For the New Year*

WACHOVIA BANK & TRUST COMPANY

CAPITAL AND SURPLUS \$2,000,000.00
MEMBER FEDERAL RESERVE SYSTEM

Four Per Cent Interest Allowed on Time Deposits

PATRIOTS, GRAND AND TRUE,
WE WISH A JOYOUS NEW YEAR TO YOU

Paramount
DRUG CO.

PATTON AVENUE

J. S. CLAVERIE, Manager

Barbee-Clark

CIGARS

THAT'S OUR BUSINESS

PLUCK.

A whaler from Nantucket town
He had the worst o' luck;
He sailed far south around the Horn,
But not a whale he struck.

Three years he cruised, north, south,
east and west,
From pole to torrid zone,
And when he laid his course for home,
He'd neither oil nor bone.

Yet as he sailed around Brant Point,
He set his pennant high;
And when he tied up to the wharf
He lustily did cry.

"We've come home clean as we went
out,
And we didn't raise a whale,
An' we ain't got a bar'l o' ile,
But we've had a damned fine sail."
GUSTAV KOBBE.

REVERIES.

Revielle wouldn't be so bad if it could
be answered by proxy.

★ ★

Who invented wrapped leggings? Sam
Loyd, say some.

★ ★

Military service, itself, isn't so bad ex-
cept that it takes up so much of one's time.

★ ★

It is considered poor form for an enlisted
man to refer to his squad leader as "squab"
leader.

★ ★

It is difficult for a private to act as
though he was fixing his hat cord when he
mistakes a corporal for an officer.

★ ★

When discharges are mentioned, most
soldiers will admit that they are receptive
candidates.

★ ★

It's quite a surprise when, after leaving
home to join a machine gun company, you
finish on a mimeograph.

YOUNG MEN SHALL SEE VISIONS.

After reading the sign "Join the Army
and See the World" I walked into a re-
cruiting office and enlisted. Two weeks
later I was sent from Philadelphia to Cali-
fornia, and there I was put on mess and
saw "China."
—L. B.

RED CIRCLE

Readers of Oteen should remember that the Red Circle Information bureau is always at their disposal. We never close. The Club 1046 is open from nine to nine and the Hotel 1117 is open 24 hours a day. We make it our business to know everything about trains, hotels, boarding and rooming houses and Asheville in general. We make a specialty of information about churches, lodges and theatres.

★ ★

All men in uniform should remember the mending guild at the Red Circle Hotel. Mending of all kinds for the boys is promptly done and no charge is made. Bundles for mending should be plainly marked with the owners name and address and should be addressed to "The Mending Guild" Red Circle Hotel.

Convalescent patients enjoy the rides given free by the Red Circle auto corps. Engagements are made by phoning 1117. Call for Mrs. Robbins or Mrs. Mayer.

★ ★

Next Saturday night there will be an invitation dance of Red Circle quality at the Hotel, No. 370 Depot Street. For invitations, phone 1046 or 1117.

★ ★

The Red Circle Club will be enlarged in the near future by taking over the big room adjoining the present quarters. The enlarged room will have a well equipped women's rest room and plenty of room for the up-town dances.

★ ★

The Misses Mayer, from Holyoke and Wells College, are spending their holidays with their mother, Mrs. Mayer, at the Red Circle Hotel.

★ ★

Mrs. M. V. Burgess, of Northampton, Mass., is visiting her daughter, Miss Elinore, Manager of the Red Circle Canteen. This is Mrs. Burgess' first visit to Asheville and she is from henceforth a self-confessed admirer of the town of "The Land of the Sky."

★ ★

Those who were present, wish to thank the "Red Circle" for the good time experienced on Wednesday evening last. Those who were absent express their regrets at not being able to be there, but thank you for the invitation.

The Asheville Times

EVERY AFTERNOON EXCEPT SUNDAY
AND EVERY SUNDAY MORNING

Associated Press News Service
Leased Wire

THE NEWSPAPER THAT SERVES THE PEOPLE

FIFTEEN CENTS THE WEEK

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STRAND THEATRE

Friday and Saturday—Wm. S. Hart in
"BRANDING BROADWAY"

New York or New Mexico, you are dead sure of one thing in every Wm. S. Hart Picture—FIGHTS! This time the husky westerner tears into Broadway's roughest. Watch him.

CHILDREN 10 CENTS

ADULTS 20 CENTS

Your Service to the Country in 1918
is an inspiration for us to serve
you as well in 1919—

A HAPPY NEW YEAR

Bon Marche

The Orange Star



To Town, cars leave Post No. 1 at 7:30 and 8:30 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 8:00 p.m. and at 9:00, 10:00, 11:00 and 12:00 at night. From Town, cars leave Pack Square at 7:00 and 8:00 a.m. Then every 30 minutes till 7:30 p.m. and at 8:30, 9:30, 10:30, and 11:30 p.m. Extra cars during Rush Hours.

*Tickets on Sale to Hospital people at the
Post Exchange*

ORANGE STAR AUTO LINE, INC.

SOUTH PACK SQUARE

TELEPHONE 53

SANITARY AND HYGIENIC

Fine Food

Crystal Cafe System

Reasonable Prices

32 Patton Avenue

16 W. Pack Square

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IF YOU NEED—

O. D. WOOL SHIRTS
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MILITARY HATS
O. D. SWEATERS

LEATHER PUTTEES
SPIRAL PUTTEES
CANVAS LEGGINGS
O. D. GLOVES

get it at

R. B. Zageir

8 BILTMORE AVENUE

"Just a Whisper off the Square"

(Continued from page 2)

for total disability. If you do not understand about this, ask the Bureau of War Risk Insurance, Washington, D. C., to send you Official Bulletin No. 2, "What the United States Government Does for Its Fighting Men and Their Families."

How to Get Compensation.

To get compensation you must apply for it. Blanks will be furnished for the asking by the War-Risk Insurance Bureau. Make your application as soon as or before you leave the hospital. If you do not understand about applying for compensation, the adviser will help you. Talk to him freely. Suppose that the Bureau of War-Risk Insurance decides that you are entitled to compensation. If you are so badly disabled that you can not go back to your old occupation, the Federal Board will provide a course of training to fit you for some new and suitable occupation. The Board will help you to decide what this course shall be.

How Can a Disabled Man Get Training for a New Job?

You can not get training unless you are awarded compensation. So attend to your compensation at once. If you are entitled to compensation, it is possible that you may receive training for some occupation free of expense. The government pays for it through the Federal Board for Vocational Education.

Who Arranges for Training for Occupations?

This matter is in the hands of the Federal Board for Vocational Education. The principal office is at 601 E. Street, NW., Washington, D. C., and regional or district offices in various parts of the country.

What Does the Federal Board for Vocational Education Do?

It sends its agents or advisers to the various hospitals throughout the country, and these agents have personal interviews with each disabled man who is about to be discharged. When you meet this adviser, he will want to find out what kind of work you have done, how much schooling you have had, what you want to do when you go home, and what, with your disability, you can do.

Helping Disabled Men Find Jobs.

Whether you are allowed compensation for disability or not, whether you receive re-education or not, the Federal Board is ready to help you get a good job. If you are not entitled to receive compensation the Board will do what it can to find you a place in your old occupation. If you are

entitled to compensation and to training, then when your training is finished the Board will undertake to find you a job in your new vocation. The Federal Board stands ready to help you to find and to keep a job suited to you. Do not wait, then, until the matter of compensation is settled before you get in touch with the Federal Board for Vocational Education. Write to the Board, or talk with the Board's advisers, as soon as you know that you are to be discharged from the hospital.

"Carry On." This Means You!

Remember that no matter what your past occupation has been, and no matter what your disability is, your first duty to yourself and to your country is to get ready to enter some useful and gainful occupation. Whether you have been a carpenter or a lawyer, a bookkeeper or an engineer, a miner or an electrician, if you can not go back to your old job, you can probably be trained for a new one.

You refused to be a slacker in military service; no more do you want to be a slacker in civil life. Your country needs your help to restore this war-wasted world. So improve your chance to make the most of yourself by taking training which will give you ability to do your best work.

All disabled soldiers, whether in or out of the hospital, should address their communications to the Federal Board for Vocational Education, Washington, D. C., to the district office of the Federal Board, or to the district in which he is located. These offices were listed in the Oteen two weeks ago, covering every state in the Union.

Jack—What do you think of my new russet shoes?

Bill—They're immense.

LIEUT. OSCAR'S PARIS LEAVE

Lucie was a lazy loiterer
Au boulevard des Capucines
 Oscar, shameless reconnoiterer,
 Spotted Lucie for a Queen.

In a booze-dream beatific,
 Oscar led her to Maxim's,
 Where French liquors soporific
 Made his *deesse* made deific—
 But her dinner check terrific
 Woke him brusquely from his
 dreams!

HARVARD LAMPOON.

"The Four Stars"

Red Cross Tea Room, on the Square

will be continued under the name of The Four Stars, though it ceases to operate from this date under the auspices of the Red Cross organization.

The present management has been closely identified with the old, and the same high quality of food, cooking and service will be maintained in the future as in the past, and the same reasonable prices. The property and good-will of this successful business have been purchased by

Mrs. Louise M. Bourne

and the old policy will be continued under the new management

No effort will be spared to satisfy the most fastidious taste, as well as the simplest, and the schedule of prices will be as low as the requirements of a first-class tea-room will permit. At the lunch hour the business man and the busy woman will be especially provided for; and every care will be exercised at all hours to please those who give us their patronage.

HOURS—12:00 TO 6:30

NEW YEAR'S GIFTS AND CARDS

Send 'em a New Year's Card of Greeting and Best Wishes. Then, too, perhaps, you received a gift from someone you want to return in the form of another gift—and there's where we come in *strong*.

Box Papers for Social Correspondence, or Novelties, of which we have a good variety, and BOOKS. Thousands of Good Books here of the particular kind that will be *the thing* for a New Year's Remembrance.

SOLDIERS AND SAILORS WELCOME HERE. HAPPY NEW YEAR—GOOD HEALTH AND PROSPERITY.

Rogers' Book Store

"Land of the Sky"

39 PATTON AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

M. V. Moore & Company

*wishes all of you a
 Happy New
 Year*

ARTHUR M. FIELD CO.

JEWELERS

*Extends Greetings of
the Season*

PATTON AVE. & CHURCH ST.

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

The Post Exchange

Is in the Heart of the Camp and we want it to be in
the Heart of Every Man

ESTABLISHED 1884

ESTABLISHED 1884

McCONNELL BROTHERS

*Wholesale Fruits, Vegetables and
Confectioneries*

WE SELL TO EVERY HOSPITAL IN THIS SECTION
ALSO TO EVERY GOVERNMENT CAMP

Better Shoes for Less Money

Is our First Thought. Another Thing: Our Shoes are all Union
Made. Try us for your next pair. Prices range
from \$5.00 to \$9.00.

**TWIFORD'S
GUARANTEE SHOE STORE**

4 BILTMORE AVENUE

ASHEVILLE, N. C.

WHEN YOU ARE IN ASHEVILLE DO NOT FAIL TO VISIT
THE WINNIE SHOP

Opposite The Langren

OUR SPECIALTY IS EXCELLENT COFFEE AND MILK. DELICIOUS
SANDWICHES AT POPULAR PRICES.

GROSS

"THEY'RE HOT"

OPPOSITE THE LANGREN

CHRISTMAS AT OTEEN

Christmas was celebrated in a fitting
fashion at the post. The menus served at
the various messes were:

OFFICERS

Mock Turtle Soup; Oyster Cocktail;
Broiled Bass, Tartan Sauce; Celery Hearts;
Pickles; Olives; Banana Fritters; Roast
Turkey, Nut Dressing; Timbales of Veal,
Cranberry Sauce; Bread and Butter; Mash-
ed Potatoes; French Peas; Glazed Sweet
Potatoes; Pilma Cakes, Orange Sauce;
Lemon Custard Pie; Philadelphia Ice
Cream; Chocoate Cake; Coffee and Milk.

OFFICER PATIENTS

Oyster Cocktail; Soup; Consomme;
Croutons; Relish; Celery Hearts; Olives;
Roast Turkey, Walnut Dressing, Giblet
Gravy, Cranberry Sauce; Candied Sweet
Potatoes with Orange; Steamed Rice; Green
Peas with Pimento; Bread and Butter; Plum
Pudding; Fruit; Nuts; Raisins; Bon Bons;
Tea and Coffee.

NURSES

Bouillion; Roast Turkey, Dressing, Giblet
Gravy; Candied Sweet Potatoes; Celery and
Olives; Steamed Rice; Green Peas; Cran-
berry Sauce; Bread and Butter; Plum Pud-
ding; Fruit; Nuts; raisins; Figs; Dates;
Candy; Tea and Coffee.

ENLISTED PATIENTS

Clear Bouillion; Roast Turkey, Dressing,
Giblet Gravy; Candied Sweet Potatoes;
Steamed Rice and Green Peas; Celery;
Bread and Butter; Cranberry Sauce; Plum
Pudding; Black Coffee and Milk; Fruit;
Candy; Nuts; Raisins; Figs; Dates.

DETACHMENT

Roast Turkey, Dressing, Giblet Gravy;
Candied Sweet Potatoes; Cranberry Sauce;
Green Peas; Celery; Bread; Mince Meat
Pie; Cheese; Fruit; Candy; Nuts; Raisins;
Figs; Dates; Coffee.

★ ★

LINES AND RHYMES, MOSTLY LINES.

Join the Red Cross

I am told

From sign boards

In letters bold.

Join it friend

And lend a hand

To those who fight

On sea and land.

Join friend

Pray have no fear—

Join the Red Cross,

I'll stay here.

THE ONLY NATIONAL BANK IN ASHEVILLE

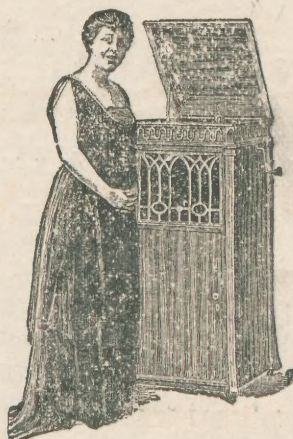
Will be pleased to handle in a courteous and efficient manner all business entrusted to its care. Your Account, large or small, is invited.

AMERICAN NATIONAL BANK

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Wishing You the Compliments of the Season.



We invite you to call and hear your favorite selection on the

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NO OBLIGATION TO PURCHASE

DUNHAM'S MUSIC HOUSE

The Home of High-Grade Pianos

MIGHTY Good TIME

to Make Your Start

¶ The Annual Interest Period of our Savings Department offers every soldier the opportunity to fit and train himself for his individual fight, the battle of life.

¶ The Savings Bank is the training-school for candidates for the commission and rank of captain of industry.

¶ The Savings Bank teaches the exercise of command—self-command, whence comes the power to command wealth.

¶ The Savings Bank wants no better job than the privilege of helping American Soldiers to become American Men of Affairs.

One Dollar will start a Savings Account.
Deposits made before the close of business
on January tenth will be credited with
four per cent. interest from January first.

CENTRAL BANK & TRUST COMPANY
SOUTH PACK SQUARE